KITTY GENOVESE WOMENS PROJECT

INTERNATIONAL WOMENS DAY MARCH 8, 1977

"WAS HE ASKING FOR IT?"

Recently, *Harper's Weekly* carried an item from the American Bar Association *Journal* declaring that few rapists are punished for their crime: only one in five rapes is reported and only one out of eight reported rapes ends in conviction. In a dialogue to demonstrate why most rape victims prefer not to press charges, the article asks us to imagine a robbery victim undergoing the same sort of cross-examination that a rape victim does:

"Mr. Smith, you were held up at gun point on the corner of First and Main?"

"*Yes.*"

"Did you struggle with the robber?"

"*No.*"

"Why not?"

"*He was armed.*"

"Then you made a conscious decision to comply with his demands rather than resist?"

"*Yes.*"

"Did you scream? Cry out?"

"*No. I was afraid.*"

"I see. Have you ever been held up before?"

"*No.*"

"Have you ever given money away?"

"*Yes, of course.*"

"And you did so willingly?"

"*What are you getting at?*"

"Well, let's put is like this, Mr. Smith. You've given money away in the past. In fact you have quite a reputation for philanthropy. How can we be sure you weren't *contriving* to have your money taken by force?"

"*Listen, if I wanted— —*"

"Never mind. What time did this holdup take place?"

"*About 11 P.M.*"

"You were out on the street at 11 P.M.? Doing what?"

"*Just walking.*"

"Just walking? You know that it's dangerous being out on the street that late at night. Weren't you aware that you could have been held up?"

"*I hadn't thought about it.*"

"What were you wearing?"

"*Let's see—a suit. Yes, a suit.*"

"*An expensive suit?*"

"*Well—yes. I'm a successful lawyer, you know.*"

"In other words, Mr Smith, you were walking around the streets late at night in a suit that practically advertised the fact that you might be a good target for some easy money, isn't that so? I mean, if we didn't know better, Mr. Smith, we might even think that you were *asking* for this to happen, mightn't we?"

RAPE

Our culture not only fails to prevent rape but actively, if covertly, encourages it by forcing women to bear the burden of guilt for rape and allowing men convenient ways to evade responsibility for their sexual actions. Rape is not an isolated act nor is it an aberration from the norms of sexual and social behavior in this country. Rape is simply at the end of the continuum of male-aggressive, female-passive patterns that we have all been raised to believe are correct behavior for men and women.

If the conditions that make rape possible in our society are to be eliminated, some of our prevailing attitudes on the roles of the sexes must change. Our culture teaches the rudiments of rape by rewarding aggressive, domineering sexual behavior in men and passivity in women. Male eroticism has been wedded to power and intermingled with a dangerously explosive mixture of sex and hostility. Our culture has instilled in all men aggressiveness, a basic trait of the

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$1,000 REWARD
FRIENDLY RAPIST

The "Friendly Rapist" as he has been referred to by the Dallas Police Department and the local media has been credited with the rapes of at least fifty (50) women in the north Dallas area.

He is called "friendly" because his victims report that he speaks in a gentle, friendly manner, despite his threats -- and at times he is apologetic about his actions.

He operates in apartment complexes, late at night and in the early morning hours, much like a cat burglar. While burglary is not his primary motive, he does rob his victims.

After gaining entrance through unlocked windows, he frequently places a pillow case over the woman's head, ties her to the bed, and threatens to slash her throat if she does not cooperate with him.

On July 30, 1976 at 3:30 a.m., he returned to one woman's apartment a second time, arrogantly proclaiming: "Since this is my 50th time, I decided you are going to be twice."

THERE ARE NO FRIENDLY RAPISTS! This man is burglarizing women's apartments, holding knives to their throats and threatening death if they refuse sex with him. He is practicing an indiscriminate terrorism that not only denies his victims their own self determination, but severely limits the freedom of all women. Every human being is entitled to determine his or her own existence without the intrusion of another. He is violating that most basic human right with every victim added to his list.

Women do not enjoy rape, nor do women enjoy living in fear. The "Friendly Rapist" is, as all rapists are, an enemy to all women. It is for these reasons that we have joined together to offer this $1,000 reward for information leading to his arrest and conviction.

We do not see the prison system as a solution to rape —— prisons have evolved into breeding grounds for crime that reinforce the hostile and aggressive behavior in men that is inherent in rape. However, we are left with no alternatives —— we want his continual violence against women stopped immediately and custodial incarceration will accomplish this.

Any person having information concerning him is asked to contact us at our mailing address. For additional information please see REWARD INFORMATION on Page 3.

PERPETRATOR
IS A MAN ABOUT 30
FRIENDLY
PLEASANT TIMES DAY

KITTY GENOVESE

Kitty Genovese, a 28-year-old bar worker, died in Queens, New York, in 1964. She was stabbed fifteen times during three separate attacks that lasted for 32 minutes outside the apartment building where she lived. The incident drew national attention when it was learned that 38 of her neighbors had either heard her cries for help or witnessed the attack and failed to respond or even notify the police because they did not want to "involve" themselves.

Her killer later admitted that he prowled the Queens streets at night with an "uncontrollable urge to kill" and selected women because they were "easier and didn't fight back."

"I cruised the streets, looking for a lone female. I had in mind to rape and kill her. I didn't care which girl, I just set out to find one."

This project is in memory of Kitty Genovese and other women who have lost their lives to sexism, a system that grooms women to be victims and ignores their cries of hurt and anger when they are physically and psychologically assaulted.

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

In June of 1976 the members of the Kitty Genovese Women's Project made the decision to print and distribute the names of men who have been indicted for sex crimes against women. We made this decision because close to half of all women raped are raped by men they know. By publicizing the names of these men and confronting rapists publicly and privately whenever possible, we hope to make it more difficult for rapists to operate within a system of anonymity which allows them to continue their violence against women.

This is not a list of rapists. It is a list of men *indicted* for sex offenses against women. An indictment is filed after the district attorney's office and the grand jury determine there is sufficient evidence against the accused to warrant a trial. We began our research by separating sex related indictments from other indictments filed in the Dallas County Records Building (all public records). We excluded indictments for fondling, indecency with a child, incest and statutory rape (which may be sexual intercourse with a consenting minor) because of the possible non-violent and unclear nature of these crimes. We did, however, include these charges if a man had other rape related offenses or multiple charges against him.

Our decision to print this list was made with the understanding that each woman must use her own judgment in dealing with the men listed. Due to errors within the judicial process a small percentage of the men listed may be innocent of the charges brought against them. Also, consider there are men with similar and even the same names of the sex offenders listed. If you find a man on this list that you know and have doubts about, have the file pulled by case number in the County Records Building to read for yourself. If you want additional information, contact the court reporter assigned to the case about reading or purchasing a copy of the Statement of Facts from the trial.

WE ADVISE EXTREME CAUTION IN DEALING WITH ALL MULTIPLE OFFENDERS. Because of their prejudices and hatred against women, rapists often repeat their crime. Included in this list are 341 multiple offenders. Also, keep in mind that if a man is listed once, he may not have necessarily raped just one woman. He may have raped three women, five women, or even twenty women before one of his victims could make a positive identification or was willing to go through the humiliation usually involved in pressing charges against him.

This is not a complete list. It should contain the names of thousands more Dallas men. Do not assume that just because a man's name is not listed he is not a rapist. According to the most conservative estimates, 75 percent of all rapes are never reported because of the judicial and social pressures placed on the victim. Even when the rape is reported, the rapist may be allowed to "plea bargain" with the D.A.'s office to receive a lesser charge by agreeing to plead guilty. Another factor that prevents rapists from being brought to trial is the police department's "rooting out" system. In 1973 the Dallas Police Department released statistical information indicating that out of 722 "reported" rapes, there were 575 "actual" rapes. The "actual" rapes are determined after the police officers question the victim and determine whether or not the complaint is a "legitimate" one. It is during this stage of investigation that women often encounter hostile, insensitive and blatantly suspicious questioning by police officers, and many rapists are returned to the streets where they are free to rape again.

Rape is not a new problem. It has been a serious problem as long as women have been considered second class citizens, as objects rather than persons. What is new is women's determination to remove such violent coercion between women and men. The Kitty Genovese Women's Project has evolved from such times. All women directly involved in this project are working class residents of Dallas. Many of us are past rape victims; all of us are angry about rape. We have taken this action because this society has failed to deal with rape and women must. We see holding men publicly accountable for their crimes and forcing them to take responsibility for their actions as a necessary method. This project removes rapists from under the protective umbrella that our society has provided for them in the past. It brings them out in the open and provides women with information that will enable them to make conscious decisions about the men they relate to.

Rape is so deeply ingrained in our culture that no simple reforms can eliminate it. Women's groups must work on every level, depending on the politics and values of the members, to renew their right to their freedom of movement, free from the threat of rape. We encourage women in other cities to commit themselves to projects of this nature. If we can provide assistance of any kind please write our mailing address below. On a local level we hope women will share this information with their friends, families and co-workers and post it wherever possible in bars (especially singles' bars), washaterias, college campuses, grocery stores, community bulletin boards, filling stations, public buildings, etc. For additional copies write:

The Kitty Genovese Women's Project
316 5th Avenue, Suite 301
New York, New York 10001

We welcome comments, personal letters and donations to enable us to continue our work.

RAPE VICTIMS SPEAK OUT!

BUT THERE'S SOME DOUBT ABOUT YOUR VIRGINITY..... NOW HAVE YOU BEEN MESSING AROUND?

When I was fifteen-years-old I was raped at knife point. Dutifully, my mother and I went to the police to report it and began a desperately lonely journey through a legal process that degraded me almost as much as the rape itself.

At the time of my rape, the man who raped me had another rape case pending against him. The District Attorney's office not only failed to inform me, but completely ignored it in their consideration of my case. Instead, during hours of hostile questioning they demanded I admit the whole incident had been at best a figment of my mixed-up imagination and at worst a direct lie to get the "poor boy" in trouble.

When given the opportunity, I eagerly agreed to take a lie detector test to prove my innocence in this matter. Questions I remember are as follows:

Were you raped?	YES
Was it at knife point?	YES
Did you enjoy it?	NO
Did you have an orgasm?	NO
Have you ever had sexual intercourse before?	NO
Do you have homosexual tendencies?	NO

After the test was finished the polygraph operator leaned back in his chair and solemnly stated, "Well, you were raped, it was at knife point and you didn't enjoy it..." Ah, I thought, now they will press charges. "...but there's some doubt about your virginity. It's not completely a lie, but there seems to be some doubt in your own mind...." and he leaned forward again, pointing an accusing index finger in my face and said, "Now, have you been messing around?"

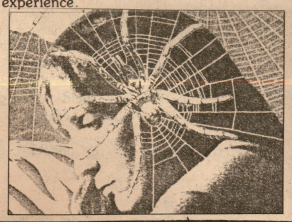
"No, sir," I said. It was my first lie. Sure I had messed around. I had done almost everything but have sexual intercourse. At fifteen I was still saving my virginity for my prince charming who would come along later. But what did that have to do with this anyway, I thought. I was raped and you know that now because I proved it and yet you're still asking me these questions in that same accusing voice.

After a brief conference, several of the DA's met with my mother. "Yes, Ms. —, your daughter was raped, but we feel it would be difficult to get a conviction because after all she was a runaway at the time and there is some doubt about her virginity. Actually, we suggest you not press charges because it can be a very bad experience for these girls in court you know." Yes, by that time we could well imagine what a bad experience it could be in court, so we did not press charges.

Since that time, the man who raped me has raped four other women who I have direct knowledge of and no telling how many I don't know about. He has been indicted for only two of them, one of which was dismissed.

When I was raped I had no political understanding of rape. I was led to believe the rape was my fault, that I had brought it on and that I should have done something to prevent it. I, like many other women, swallowed that sexist lie until 1970 when I attended my first workshop on rape. During the conference I stood dumbfounded as women, one after another, shared their own similar experiences about rape. Since that time I have committed myself to work with other women to force change in a culture that promotes and justifies the victimization of women.

International Women's Day, 1977, marks the fifth anniversary of the national formation of Women Against Rape. During the last five years women have researched the problems of rape and emerged with in-depth analysis of why it happens and what can be done to prevent it. We are no longer alone in our efforts to deal with rape. We know that our real alternatives are for all women to join in a common defense against male terrorism---or to crawl back into the woodwork of our separate cages. After years of existence in my own cage I began work on this project. It has been a supportive and rewarding experience.



STATE OF SIEGE

Anger is real to me and I'm not letting go of it. It started growing very concretely when I was nine years old. My mentally retarded brother and I were raped repeatedly by a middle-aged man in his trailer somewhere in Little Ferry, New Jersey. Working with the Kitty Genovese Women's Project has been an incredible outlet for my anger and yet towards the end--after months of getting my nourishment eating rapist's names for lunch and dinner--I find my anger growing rather than dispersing.

The mentality and emotions of rape ride close to the surface every time a man feels he has the right to interrupt what I'm saying because he thinks he's more important than I am. Each encounter I have that results in a man saying "Oh, come on, take it with a grain of salt, it's so insignificant," my anger comes closer and closer to violence. I know he doesn't live with the fear of rape every day. He doesn't worry about curtains that could possibly be seen through. He can sleep with his windows open or unlocked if he wants to, and I can't, and I resent it, and I won't take it with a grain of salt.

It's very clear to me that the mentality which dictates that waitress uniforms are revealing, and chuckles at a little plaque saying "sexretary" needs to be machine-gunned down every time it's encountered. It directly causes my sisters and me to fear rape every day. When women are coupled with sexual connotations, labels, and images that extend beyond the bounds of their personality, it encourages men to view sex as a commodity: something to be bought (prostitution), and if not bought then taken (rape). I can't separate them anymore; the daily injustices bring about the daily rapes.

When men tell me it's not fair to expect them to deal with my intensity, it's because they have the priviledge to completely remove themselves from my pain. They have the privilege to be oppressive in every action they take and then be surprised, offended, defensive and self-righteous when those of us that have been pushed, push back.

Every day that I have cause to walk the streets of anytown, U.S.A., I am cautious and very aware of possible danger to myself. What I feel—gut level— is that I'm living in a war zone. It's an all out war, though no declarations have been signed, and women are open to attack at all times. The men on this list are the war criminals. They have attacked us on all fronts: in our bedrooms, our cars, at busstops, downtown, in our living rooms, our marriages, alleyways, backyards, in elevators and the list continues... After being over-powered and raped by an individual violent man, the court's, secure in 200 years of patriarchal justice, overpower us and rape our sense of worth and self-respect.

I'm ready to fight back. I'm ready to fight on all levels every day of my life. Physically, I am strengthening myself and becoming proficient in both hand-to-hand combat and weaponry. Mentally and intellectually, I will confront all situations of "psychic rape". I will confront the oppressive behavior patterns of people around me. I refuse to be raped again, and I will not watch the rape of any of my sisters.

This isn't just a hobby for me, the "movement of the year" to fulfill my social conscience. It's real and it's painful. It's not my fault I was raped when I was seventeen. It's not my fault that one million women are beaten by their husbands or lovers each year. I didn't choose that pain and neither did those women, but I am choosing to cause as much change as I can to destroy forever the inequality between women and men until no woman is ever raped again. We've got a long way to go, but sisters, there's a better world ahead.

STRONG, SELF-DETERMINED, ...A WILL OF IRON

When I first came to this city to finish this project my main motivation was to help a friend. It wasn't until a few of us sat down and really shared our own rape experiences with each other that I got in touch with the emotions and anger blocked up inside of me.

This remembering changed my involvement. Until each of you reading this can fully feel the effect of rape on womens lives you will not be able to relate to the importance of your part in this project.

So let me share what happened to me when I was seventeen and living in a small town in Virginia. I had been on my own for a year and knew how to survive on the streets. I had my own definite road to follow. What I wanted most was to experience my own strength and independence. I was strong, self-determined, with a will of iron. Every evening I would take a walk down to the river to watch the seagulls glide over the bay while the sun set over the water. It was a moment of peace and quiet reflection alone that helped me keep my head clear. Until one evening three men jumped me from behind and held a knife to my throat. I wasn't the typified helpless woman victim. I knew the strength of my own body...how to throw a punch, kick, claw, bite, scream and run...but that wasn't enough against the combined strength of three men. It felt like death to struggle so hard and still be helplessly pinned beneath the weight of a mans body. It was more than a physical violation...it was mental agony that can never be forgotten. I wanted to either kill them or to die rather than give into that total feeling of powerlessness. I could feel the rage inside of me exploding and yet it didn't matter...As each man took his turn with me again and again, I lost all desire to resist...my strength, self-determination, my will of iron was broken. I felt dead inside, sick with my own weakness. When they finally left me, I just lay there motionless and numb.

When the sun rose I managed to get to the police station and report what had happened to me. In the next 48 hours I went thru as much horror as the night before. The local police knew me from having been a runaway and they assumed I was just a slut anyway and got what I deserved. In actuality, I had never even slept with a man yet. The injustice and humiliation of their assumptions and mockery actually made me some how feel guilty about my own rape. As if I was responsible because I liked to walk by the river! For the next few days I had to look at hundreds of mug shots and line ups of men on probation. It didn't take long to get confused and exhausted to the point I couldn't even give a clear description of the three men any more. I was ridiculed by the police. They though it was funny that after being raped many times for over an hour that I couldn't remember their faces...They joked that maybe I was too involved in what was going on to notice what they looked like...implying that perhaps I was enjoying being violently raped! I was so enraged that I was afraid that I would just pick any three faces I didn't like the looks of and send them up. So I just walked away...all my life I have been walking away from my own powerlessness from this experience. The feeling that there is nothing I can do to change what happened to me and the chances of it ever happening again. I have been hiding in fear, afraid to go anywhere alone, not able to rely on my own strength.

Working on this project has helped me confront my feelings. It's more than just a way to work out the pain and anger of being a victim for so long. It's more than my rape I need to confront. It's the continual rape of all women in every city—on every billboard that sells liquor along with a half-dressed

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